

# Their Hearts Cut Out When They Die.

## The Strange Custom of the Noble Hapsburgs of Austria Recalled by the Late Carl Ludwig's Dying Refusal to Follow It.

A sensation has been caused in Viennese society by the report that the late Carl Ludwig, heir to the Austrian throne, forbade the removal of his heart and its burial in a gold and crystal vase as was customary with his ancestors.

A tornado of resentment and surprise stirred the upper circles of Austrian social life, and the believers in royal prerogatives and tradition have not been wondering at the tenacity of the dead Prince in settling the customs of his family at defiance.

Since the thirteenth century every dead Hapsburg has had his or her heart removed and buried apart from the body in a gold and crystal vase. This custom prevailed without exception until the death of Carl Ludwig, and he, being a strong-minded and somewhat imperious party, set aside the family fad and ordered that his body should be left intact. Carl showed during his life that he had little respect for custom or the rights of others, and his slight regard for the respect due death was indicated by his stopping a funeral in the country on one occasion while he jumped his horse over the coffin that was borne on the shoulders of the pallbearers.

Yet at the same time the evil effects of this altogether meaningless custom are emphasized to-day in the reported approaching death of the Empress Carlotta. Since the death of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, for the many years that have passed since that terrible incident in the history of French invasion, Carlotta has been hopelessly insane, and was made insane by this burial custom of the heart peculiar at the present day to the Hapsburg family, of which her husband was a member.

This relic of a dark age is so ingrained in the character and personality of the members of the Hapsburg family that it has become a veritable part of their nature. In the Capucine Chapel, on the Newmarket, Vienna, placed in a vault beneath the ground, there are 113 coffins, containing all that remains of the royal Hapsburgs who have ruled over the destinies of Austria, and there are 152 vases of crystal mounted in gold, each containing the heart of one of these rulers and of others whose bodies rest elsewhere.

When Rudolf was selected Emperor of Germany in 1873 he founded a royal house, the descendants of which to-day sit upon the Austrian throne, and while the connection between the dukes of Austria and the Empire was more or less of an accident, it had been long maintained that the Hapsburgs should bear the imperial crown while Austria has always been one of their dominions, there have been no changes as accidental as the relationship between the Archduke and the Empire. Chief of these appendages have been the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. The Slavonic or Czech kingdom of Bohemia was secured by marriage about 1300 and, with various changes, has been united with the Austrian crown ever since. It is this marriage, this acquisition of Bohemia, that is responsible for the half-savage custom of which Carlotta is to-day the sole sufferer and Carl Ludwig the sole opponent.

It is a very pretty romance of mediaeval tendency that leads up to the complete story of this removal of the heart, and its conveyance to the great family mausoleum in the capital city of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Francis, Duke of Aargau, once lost his way while hunting in Bohemia, and rested when nearly fainting from fatigue at a spring in the forest, and after slaking his thirst and dozing awhile upon the bank he wandered along the brook, seeking its source. Suddenly he came upon a lovely girl sitting beneath the stately oak and, hearing her moaned hair. With hesitating voice the Duke asked permission to sit beside her, and, receiving her consent, seated himself. He addressed her tenderly, and as they conversed on one subject and another he confessed that her beauty and innocence had attracted him. Having thus expressed his love in passionate words, he seized the maiden's hand in his and covered it with kisses.

He then urged her to be his wife, and she replied: "If you wish, noble sir, to make me your wife I will follow you everywhere, only you must be faithful to me, for infidelity would bring death to you and eternal woe for me."

"Faithful until death," cried the Duke. "Never shall another maid conquer the heart that is yours alone and will be eternally yours!"

The marriage was celebrated quietly and without display. After two years of uninterrupted happiness war broke out between Germany and France, and many nobles were induced to participate in it by the thought of glory and gain. The Duke was stirred by the news and became restless, and while his mind was tormented and distracted his wife said to him:

"I know you long to depart for France to wear the sword of your ancestors in battle. Although it grieves me to part from you, nevertheless you shall satisfy your ambition, which, I fear, will destroy our happiness."

The Duke, much touched by his wife's remarks, replied: "I go, but my heart shall always be with you and shall return faithfully to your heart."

Upon his arrival in France the Duke offered himself and his large company of warriors to the King, and by his valor and prudence distinguished himself beyond all others, so much so that when the war was ended the King wished to have the Duke remain with him, but what inducement to offer him he was at a loss to determine until one day he perceived his youngest daughter looking at the Duke with glances more tender and affectionate than she bestowed upon any one else. Therefore the King said to the Duke that, as a reward for his services, he offered him the hand of the Princess, whose youth, beauty and noble rank rendered her worthy of the highest in the land.

The Duke, whose simple mind was dazzled by the splendor of the Franciscan court, and whose vanity was flattered by the offer and by the glitter of the crown the Princess wore, entirely forgot the promise to his own lovely wife and gave his consent to the marriage. His days and nights thereafter were passed in the greatest unhappiness, the figures of his wife and child in their distant home being ever before him. Weeks thus passed away in painful struggle with his heart; he became melancholy and dejected, and even when at the side of the Princess he could not banish his grief.

As the marriage day approached his embarrassment became more painful, and the deserted wife appeared to him more and more sorrowful. Pale and hardly conscious of his surroundings, the Duke arose at dawn of the wedding day and heard the bells ringing merrily throughout the city. Like one in trance he allowed his servants to dress him. Then he mounted his horse and rode, followed by a stately and splendid train of knights, toward the castle of the Princess.

The bride, in her wedding dress, received him, wearing on her head a coronet, from which a filmy veil descended to the ground. But her smiles had no charm for him, and when he bent down to kiss her hand it seemed like the hand of a corpse. Terror-stricken and with a ghastly look, he staggered back.

The marriage procession moved on. It was obliged to pass over a bridge beneath which rolled a languid stream. As the procession reached this bridge dark clouds covered the sky and a thunder storm broke forth; there were flashes of lightning and great reports of thunder. The storm raged wildly and the languid stream became a bolting torrent. The horse that the Duke rode plunged and reared, and, becoming unmanageable, dashed forward, scattering the people on every side, and then sprang over the parapet into the stream below. As the Duke went down to his death he cried aloud:

"Let my heart be sent back to Aargau, to show that I am faithful to the last!"

And so it is that the hearts of the Hapsburgs are always buried in the royal mausoleum, wherever their bodies may rest.

# Greatest Match-Maker in America.

## How Mrs. R. T. Wilson Has Married Off Her Sons and Daughters to Fortunes Which Aggregate \$175,000,000.



### Mrs. Wilson's Matrimonial Successes.

May Wilson to Ogden Goelet.....	\$45,000,000
Marshall Orme Wilson to Caroline Astor.....	15,000,000
Belle Wilson to Hon. Michael Herbert.....	Prospective English title
Grace Wilson to Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	110,000,000
R. T. Wilson, Jr., to Miss Gerry.....	5,000,000

Total.....\$175,000,000

The house of Wilson, the social head of which is Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, has, like the house of Hapsburg, achieved greatness by marriage.

The sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson have allied themselves with the richest families in the world.

Miss May Wilson, their eldest daughter, gained the first great victory in the social career of her family. She married Ogden Goelet, whose wealth is estimated at \$45,000,000. He and his brother Robert have nearly equal fortunes. The Goelets are, next to the Astors, the greatest owners of real property in New York.

Marshall Orme Wilson, eldest son of the family, married Miss Caroline Astor, youngest daughter of the late William Astor, and sister of John Jacob Astor. Her fortune amounts to \$15,000,000. Miss Belle Wilson, the second daughter, married the Hon. Michael Herbert, son of Lord Herbert of Lea, and brother of the Earl of Pembroke. He was at one time First Secretary of the British Legation at Washington. Mr. Herbert's contribution to the Wilson family greatness cannot be reckoned in dollars, although his wife has a sufficiency. Through him the Wilsons are connected with the most ancient and famous families in the British aristocracy. A Herbert who was Earl of Pembroke was among the patrons of William Shakespeare.

The greatest of all the Wilson alliances is only an engagement at present. It is that of Miss Grace Wilson, the youngest daughter, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. His father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is now worth over \$120,000,000. Therefore, to say that the son will inherit \$110,000,000, if no accident occurs, is a moderate estimate.

It has lately been reported that the engagement was about to be announced of Richard T. Wilson, youngest son of the house, to Miss Gerry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry. She will inherit at least \$5,000,000.

These marriages and engagements represent the bringing of \$175,000,000 into the Wilson family. This total does not include the fortune of Richard T. Wilson himself, which is large. He is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. It also takes no account of the wealth of the brothers, sisters and other immediate relatives of many of those who have entered the Wilson family.

In Mrs. Wilson is chiefly due the remarkable series of social triumphs described. She is a consummate strategist and is undoubtedly the most influential person in New York society to-day. This fact has not been generally recognized. The late Mrs. Paron Stevens was once regarded as the most powerful woman in society, but anybody can see now that Mrs. Wilson was always a greater power. Her work can be judged by its results.

Mrs. Wilson is now a handsome, well preserved and energetic woman. Coming from a good Southern family, she has the ease of manners and pleasant voice which often belong to her class, but she has much more energy than the typical Southern woman.

By her matchmaking skill Mrs. Wilson has brought into her family more money than the original John Jacob Astor or Commodore Vanderbilt gained. That shows what may be accomplished by a woman without resorting to the business occupations of men. No financier in the world controls as much money as Mrs. Wilson and her sons and daughters. No American matron has ever approached her record as a matchmaker. Only Queen Victoria and the Queen of Denmark can be compared to her.

Richard T. Wilson is a Southerner of humble origin. In addition to brains, he possesses a magnificent physique, which is of great importance in founding a family, and may fortunately be traced in his sons and daughters.

He is now about sixty-six years of age. He stands over six feet high and has remarkably broad shoulders. The erectness of his carriage shows that he carries his years with ease. His hair is gray, but as thick as that of a young man.

He was born in Habersham County, in the northern part of Georgia. On leaving school he went to Knoxville, Tenn., where he was a clerk in a store for several years.

His next move was to middle Georgia. From clerk of a country store he rapidly rose to be a proprietor. He dealt largely with planters, supplying them with provisions and receiving in many cases portions of their crops in exchange. There are many

# Wearing Mourning Is Dangerous to Health.

## Its Objectionable Features as Seen by New York Physicians, Ministers and Fashionable Dressmakers.

Mourning is unhealthy, say physicians. It is a relic of barbarism, say social reformers. It parades one's grief and is therefore offensive, say students of good form.

In fact, there is gradually coming to the front a strong sentiment against a continuance of the practice of wearing weeds. A Sunday Journal reporter talked on this subject with physicians, a minister, and with fashionable dressmakers, and learned some interesting facts.

The Rev. Frank Rogers Morse, associate pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, said: "There is a direct opinion as to the fitness of wearing mourning for departed friends. It might be unfortunate to offer any criticism upon this form of dress as symbolic of the sense of grief, but I am decidedly opposed to its practice."

"It more properly belongs to Orientalism than Americanism. If one's friends at death go to a world of eternal brightness, why should we robe ourselves in garments which are supposed to express thoughts of gloom? If I were to venture a suggestion, I would say, let such mourners be robed in white, rather than black. If a Christian dies we ought to think of him as delivered from a world of sorrow and lifted into a world of joy. Why not sing a psalm of triumph of his emancipation from the vassalage of earth?"

"It seems contrary to the very spirit of the Gospel to sit down in sackcloth and ashes, or wear the weeds of mourning. No doubt there are some people who drape themselves in these gloomy garments because of a desire to conform to fashion—for fashion is oftentimes creed—but would it not be better, even to violate the law of fashion, for the sake of giving a true expression to the real feelings of the heart? Real grief is not demonstrative and requires no outward sign or symbol for its expression."

Dr. Reginald Sayre said: "My only objection to mourning garments is the heavy veil cutting off respiration and causing weightiness from the head. If the gown worn is properly dyed it does not matter if it is blue or black, green or pink. One color is not more unhealthy than another. Mourning is simply a label upon the sorrow, bearing the word, 'Let me alone.'"

"If a bereaved person did not wear mourning she would be compelled to often explain why invitations were refused, and a thousand other petty details connected with social life. Viewed from this standpoint, I really think it is a desirable protection."

Dr. John Vanderpoel said: "The wearing of heavy crepe veils is detrimental to any woman's health. The weight pulling from the head and the difficulty of respiration causes headache. It is seldom that the wearer of these obnoxious articles does not return home thus annoyed. In England short veils only are worn, and they lessen the injurious effect. As to the rest of the costume I do not see why mourning should not be worn if so desired."

"It is true that it is a constant reminder which sometimes increases the gloom of those in bereavement; but, on the other side, it is a comfort to some persons to be clad in hues which harmonize with their feelings. But this is entirely a matter of temperament."

Dr. L. L. Danforth said: "In my opinion black modestly worn is not to be condemned, but I think the habit of wearing a great deal of crepe and a heavy veil should be condemned as very unwholesome. The weight of the veil is most trying. On the other hand, the constant wearing of mourning tends to perpetuate the grief of the bereaved person."

"From an aesthetic standpoint, black is not to be favored. There are other shades more pleasing to the eye. I also think that a woman robed in heavy mourning casts a shadow of gloom over all with whom she comes in contact."

Roderick, the modiste, said: "There is considerable difference in the way mourning is worn in this country and England. Here the amount of grief which the wearer desires to express is shown by the length of the fall from the head. By fall I mean what is usually termed the veil. The longer the fall the greater the loss is supposed to be. Some wear a veil only a trifle below the waist. Others have them reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt."

"When I first came to this country and saw so many women wearing heavy crepe

falls, I said to a friend: 'Dear me, most of the women here are widows!' He informed me it was the custom of wearing mourning in America by others besides widows. In England this style is only used by women who have lost husbands."

"My patrons usually wear mourning, when necessary, from one and a half to three years. The habit of wearing second or half mourning has almost entirely fallen into disuse. Formerly, when a woman wished to lay aside these garments of grief, she first put on a soft shade of gray or a combination of black and white. Now it is different. She is just as likely to come directly from black into red or any other color."

"In England short face veils are worn, edged with crepe, but the depth of grief is supposed to be shown by the width of a fold of this same material upon the edge of the skirt. Sometimes, when the deceased has left a large fortune, the fold extends nearly as high as the waist. If the bereavement is slight, then only a narrow band of the crepe is used."

"When a member of the royal family dies in England, then heavy mourning, or sometimes half, is ordered to be worn at court; and any person who attends without obeying this command is not admitted."

"One extremely good result of the custom of wearing mourning is that it causes more money to be circulated than would otherwise remain unspent."

Mrs. C. Donovan, the fashionable dressmaker, being out of the city, her representative said: "I believe mourning garments protect the wearer from remarks, and should be worn. It is more a matter of taste than of fashion. Our customers usually wear heavy mourning when bereaved. By heavy mourning we mean a long crepe veil and a gown trimmed with the same material. It is never fashionable to wear the veil over the face. That really it makes a woman conspicuous at a time when she should not desire to attract attention to herself."

"There is no prescribed form for what is called second mourning, though most of our customers use black and white and mauve at such a period. We have been told by many women that after wearing black for several years it is difficult to put on colors. A person emerging from black should do so gradually. Thus, when she finally appears in colors it will cause no remarks. Mourning, if donned at all, should be worn for two or three years. Some widows wear it only that many weeks."

### A LIVING BELL.

One of the Wonders the Traveller Meets in the South American Forest.

One of the strangest birds of the South American forests is the bellbird, or convent bird, as it is called by the Spanish-speaking inhabitants.

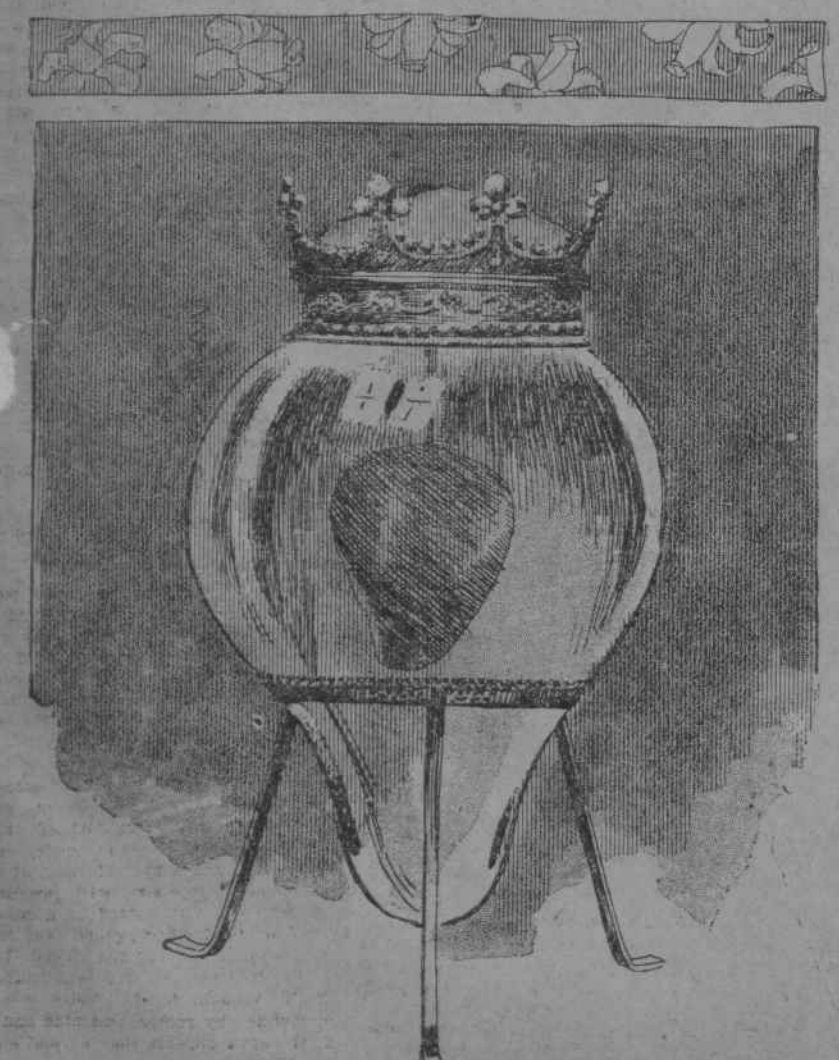
It is a small bird, about the size of a blue jay, or a little larger than a robin. It is white, is snow and is quite rare, being found only in the most inaccessible parts of the country. But the most remarkable thing about this bird is what he takes his name from—his power to imitate the tolling of a bell. This he does to perfection.

From the top of the bird's bill there grows a curious, fleshy protuberance, similar to that of a turkey gobbler. Unlike the turkey's, however, this is hollow and sparsely covered with short hairs. The tube, which is black, connects with the interior of the throat, and it is through it that the bird makes the sonorous sound from which it takes its name. When in use the tube stands upright from the bill, at right angles to the body, and its length, it has the appearance of a horn. From this the bird takes another of his many names—the "rhinoceros bird."

Paddling quietly along a South American river in a bark canoe, with only an Indian guide for company, the traveller is surprised to suddenly hear a bell ringing, apparently close at hand. Wondering at what a church can be doing in such a place, he turns to his guide for an explanation, but the guide only smiles and nods. But on proceeding he comes on the author of it. Seated on the topmost branch of an overhanging tree, the bell bird is tolling out a note deafening for the dying day.



The Unhealthy Mourning Veil.



Where Hapsburg Hearts Are Kept.